

# LEICHHARDT'S GRAVE;

AN

## RECELAC ODE.

On the scarcely doubtful fate of the amiable and talented Naturalist—LEICHHARDT—whose life there is too much reason to fear has been sacrificed in the cause of Science, whilst endeavouring to effect an overland route to

## PORT ESSINGTON.

Poet---Robert Lynd, Esq.

Composer---I. Nathan, Esq.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

1845.

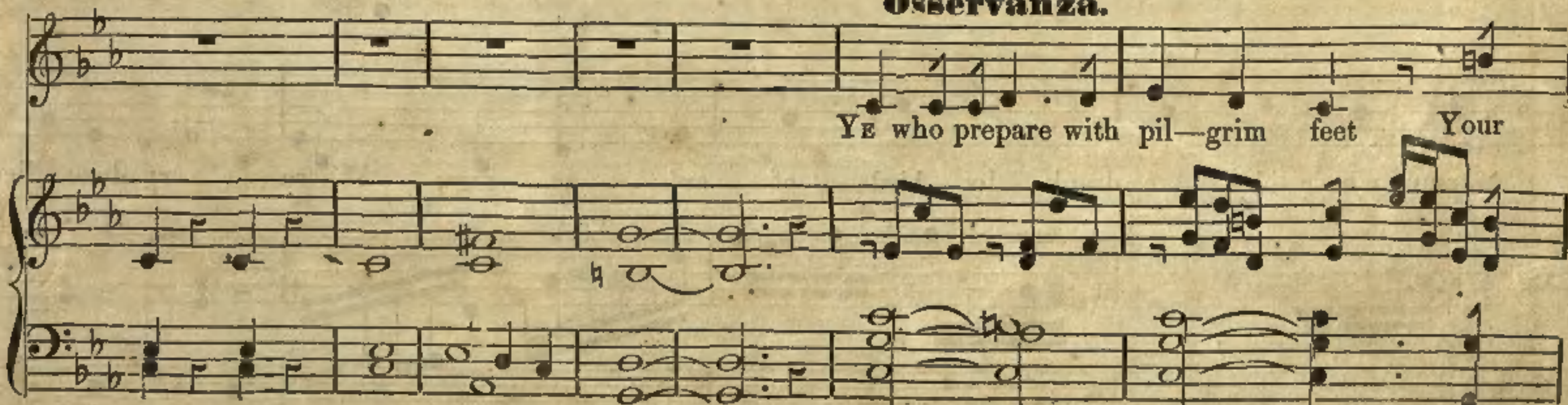
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**Recitante. Con Dolore.**



**Osservanza.**





long and doubtful path to wend, If whitening on the waste ye meet The relics of my mur--der'd

friend, His bones with rev'rence ye shall bear To where some mountain streamlet flows ;

**Andantino  
Grazioso**

There, by its mossy bank, pre-pare The pillow of his long re-pose. It shall be by a

stream, whose tides Are drank by birds of ev'-----ry wing ; Where ev'---ry love lier



flower a----bides The ear----liest wak'ning touch of spring----- O meet that he (who

so ca-rest All beau-teous Nature's va--ried charms) That he her martyr'd son should

**LAMENTEVOLE.**

rest With-in his mother's fondest arms! When ye have made his

**LEGATO.**

**MARCATO.**

narrow bed, And laid the good man's ashes there, Ye shall kneel down a--round the dead, And



wait upon your God in prayer. What tho' no rev'rend man be near No anthem pour its solemn breath, No

*Legato Organo.*

ho--ly walls invest his bier With all the hallow'd pomp of death! Yet humble minds shall

find the grace, Devoutly bow'd upon the sod, To call that blessing round the place Which consecrates the soil to

God. And ye the wilderness shall tell How faithful to the hopes of men The Mighty Power heserv'd so



**Legatissimo Gustoso.**

well, Shall breathe upon his bones a—gain. When ye your gracious task have done, Heap not the rock

bove his dust, The An-gel of the Lord alone Shall guard the ashes of the just. But ye shall heed with pi-ous

care, The mem'ry of that spot to keep; And note the marks that guide me where My virtuous friend is laid to sleep—is

**Allegro, non tanto. Con espressione.**

laid to sleep. For oh, bethink in other times, ( And be those happier times at hand,) When

*Staccato*



**Animato.**

science, like the smile of God, Comes bright'ning o'er that weary land. How will her pilgrims hail the

power, Beneath the drooping myall's gloom. When science, like the smile of God, Comes bright'ning o'er the weary

**Lachrimoso.**

land. How will her pilgrims hail the pow'r, Beneath the drooping myall's gloom, To sit at eve, and mourn an

**Rallentando.** **Perdendosi.**

hour, And pluck a leaf on Leichhardt's tomb, on Leichhardt's tomb on Leichhardt's tomb on Leichhardt's tomb!